THE CHILD'S PAPER

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME.

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For The Child's Paper.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

"A life-boat! What is a life-boat? 'T is n't a long-boat, or a jolly-boat, or a gig, or a yawl. What is a life-boat?" asked the boys. "It is a boat so buoyant that it wont sink any how," answered the old captain. "It is built with air-tight cells or lockers in its sides, large enough to float her even if she 's filled with water."

"How long have life-boats been used—always?"

"No, boys; if they had been, there had been fewer widows and orphans. The first life-boat was built at the mouth of the Tyne, in England. It was, if I remember right, in the year 1789 that the ship Adventure was stranded on the Hard Sands on the south side of Tynemouth haven. It was a shocking sight; for, in the midst of the most terrible breakers, the poor crew dropped from the rigging one by one, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Rewards were offered to any who would go to their rescue; but none were bold enough to brave the waves, for a common boat would not have lived a minute in such a sea."

"It must have been a dreadful sight indeed."

"It often pleases God to bring good out of seeming evil," said the old sailor. "The wreck of the Adventure was the cause of the first life-boat being built; for some kind-hearted inhabitants of South Shields met together, and offered rewards for the best life-boats that could be built. A boat of capital construction soon made its appearance. It answered well, ploughing its way through the breakers like a living thing. In about twenty years it saved three hundred lives at the entrance of the river Tyne only."

"Capital!" cried the boys. "Three hundred lives in one place!" "More than that, in some places on our coast, life-boats have saved. There are now life-boats, life-cars, life-rafts, and life-preservers of all kinds. I had rather hear of one improvement in life-preservers than a hundred in guns, mortars, and bomb-shells. Better be clever in preserving life than in destroying it, boys. Did you ever hear a livelier bit of poetry than this?

"The life-boat, the life-boat! the whirlwind and rain
And white-crested breakers oppose her in vain;
Her crew are resolved, and her timbers are staunch:
She 's the vessel of mercy; good speed to her launch.

"The life-boat, the life-boat! how fearless and free
She wins her bold course o'er the wide-rolling sea;
She bounds o'er the surges with gallant disdain;
She has stemmed them before, and she 'll stem them again.

"Now, good-by, boys," said the good old captain. "The promises of God are an eternal life-boat. Let us keep our eyes on them, and we shall safely weather time and eternity."

For The Child's Paper.

COPYING A BLOT.

"Mother, who of all the big boys should you like for me to pattern after?" asked a little boy who was looking round for a good example.

"Who should you think?" asked his mother; "you know the big boys better than I do."

The little boy thought. Then he said, "There 's Dan Parker, he smokes; there 's Bill Parker, he swears; Tom Jones, he 's got a horrid temper; Sam Jay, he sprees it; Jem Wood, he hates study; Joe Blake, he 's cross; Charlie Doe, he goes fishing Sunday; Gus Tyng, he tells whappers. Mother, there is n't *one* that, if I copy, I should n't copy a blot from."

Oh, how the ugly blots in our character stand out. "Well," said his mother, "there *is* one perfect pattern." "Who?" asked the boy, eagerly; "I should love to know him." "The Son of God," answered she, "'who did *no* sin, neither was guile found in his mouth;' and 'who left us an example that we should follow his steps.'" Oh, children, God knew you would need a perfect pattern to copy from. You could not copy God, because he is a Spirit; therefore he sent his Son to become a child in this world, to show you the pattern of a heavenly boy; and he wishes you to begin when a child to grow into his likeness. In his character there is no blot to copy. He is pure.

EDITOR'S WORDS TO THE CHILDREN.

Another year is closing, dear children, with its three hundred and sixty-five days; and what report does it bear to God? Three hundred and sixty-five days seem a great deal of time to do a great many things in; and a great deal *has* been done. Among these many, many, many things, there is one work greater than all the rest, as much greater as time is longer than eternity. Do you know what it is; and have you found time to do it?

At the beginning of this year there was in one town a religious awakening, which took a strong hold upon the young. A great many Sabbath-school children found out that they had souls to be saved or lost, and they anxiously asked, "What shall I do to be saved?" They were pointed to Christ, and they followed, and found him a very precious Saviour. There was one lad for whom an uncommon interest was felt. He was a promising boy, who, people said, would make his mark in the world. He listened with respectful attention to the warnings of his minister and the counsels of his mother. He knew religion was very important, he said. But when his companions asked him to come to the chapel, "I've no time," was his answer. When they invited him to the inquiry-meeting at the pastor's study, "No time to-night," he said. When they begged him to join in their little prayer-meetings, it was always, "No time, no time."

Well, he found time to tend his store; he found time to eat and to sleep; in the spring he found time to make his mother's garden; he found time to ride and to swim—to go boating—to go to the great city; yes, and he found time *to die.* Before the summer was out, he found time to die. But his one day's sickness left him *no* time then to prepare to die.

How is it with you, dear children? Have you found time to join yourself to Jesus? Are you among his little ones, safe in the arms of his love? We thank God for all the time he has given us to speak to you about those things which make for your eternal peace. God bless you, dear children, and give us time to begin this precious work anew on the new year. Good-by.

For The Child's Paper.

WHO BUILT THE FIRST RAILROAD?

George Stephenson. Who is he? I will tell you. In the little village of Wylam, eight miles from Newcastle, in England, there lived an honest old man by the name of Bob Stephenson. This region is famous for its coal-mines, and Bob was the fireman of an old pumping engine in one of the collieries. He had six children.

The second child was born in June, 1781, and was called George. George grew up as busy a boy as ever was. He was always on hand to run errands and take care of the younger children, especially to keep them from getting under the wheels of the coal wagons, which passed and repassed his father's cottage, drawn by horses on a rude wooden railway. Schooling he had none. His chief play was to model engines out of clay. At eight, he was cow-boy to a poor widow at twopence a day; a little later, a hoer of potatoes at fourpence a day; then he found jobs at the collieries at sixpence a day. George often helped his father, and at fifteen was promoted to fireman's wages.

The first Saturday of his full wages, he marched out of the foreman's office showing his twelve shillings, and exclaiming, "I am now a made man for life." Not long after, when he had saved his first guinea, "I am now a rich man," he cried, with an honest joy shining in his face. Never did fireman so love his engine. He studied it; he cleaned it; he took it to pieces in order to master all its different parts. It was his pet, and he was never tired of watching and tending it.

At eighteen he could neither read nor write; but when he heard there were books which told all about his engine, and other engines besides, he was determined to learn to read. By resolute perseverance and the expense of three or four pence a week for a year or two on such evening schools as could be had, he acquired as much reading, writing, and arithmetic as served his turn for the time. He was now anxious to rise from the position of engine-man to that of "brakesman." It was a higher kind of colliery labor, and commanded better pay, from four to five dollars a week. With some difficulty, arising from the jealousy of the regular brakesman, he qualified himself for the employment, and got it.

George now married, and had a cottage of his own. Thrifty, sober, and of extraordinary industry, he contrived to eke out his scanty wages by extra work in the evening. He made and mended shoes, cut out the pitmen's clothes, and having once "set to rights" his own clock, soon became widely known as the "best clock doctor in the country."

The industrious husband became a happy father, when his young wife died, leaving one little boy behind. These were sorrowful days for poor George. The little household was broken up; and from this time one of George's chief objects was to save money for the education of his son. For a while fortune seemed to be against him, and he thought of emigrating to this country. Step by step, however, his worth was found out. Though only a brakesman, he had mastered by study the whole round of engineering contrivances in use in the collieries; and one by one opportunities came up for turning his knowledge to account for the benefit of his employers. "Stephenson's skill as an engine doctor," says a friend, "soon became noised abroad, and he was called upon to prescribe remedies for all the old wheezy pumping machines in the neighborhood."

In 1812 he was appointed engine-wright at Killingworth collieries. Here, during nine years of humble industry, he solved the great problem of railway locomotion. Every Saturday afternoon, his son Robert used to come over from Newcastle, bringing books from the library of a scientific institution there, and father and son read and studied together. Gradually too he arose from plain "Geordie Steevie," the brakesman and cutter out of pitmen's clothes, to "Mr. Stephenson," the colliery engineer.

At Wylam, where he used to live, a rude sort of steam-engine had been contrived to run on the wooden rails before his father's cottage door. The first one which was made flew to pieces before it started; the next was voted a "perfect plague;" but Mr. Stephenson took every opportunity to go over and see it work, and he very soon thought he could make a much better one. His employers gave him the means, and he built an engine and gave it the name of "Puffing Billy." Puffing Billy did pretty well; but it was not so much cheaper than horse power, and Stephenson worked incessantly to perfect it.

It took some time, however, to bring the man and the work that waited for him together. Puffing Billy attracted no notice from newspapers or the busy world at large. At length a gentleman from Liverpool, Mr. William James, heard of Stephenson's locomotive, and went over to Killingworth to see it. Stephenson was not there; but the moment Mr. James saw it, he exclaimed, "What a revolution in society will that make."

Now the two English cities, Liverpool and Manchester, have a great deal of business with each other. Manchester is a great manufacturing town, and receives all its cotton through Liverpool. Cargoes of cotton were brought there in ships, and it cost a great deal of time and money to get it carted to Manchester. Sometimes the workmen had to wait weeks and weeks for it, and a great question was stirring the minds of manufacturers, "What means could be devised to get cotton quicker from Liverpool?"

An answer was now ready: By *railway.* I cannot tell you all the opposition and sneers which the idea met with. A company, however, was chartered, and Mr. Stephenson set to work to put it through. What a battle he had to fight. Dukes and lords set themselves against the horrid iron road with its snorting engines. Science shook her head. "He'll get nothing to run upon it," was the common remark. "Certainly not at twelve miles an hour," said one. "Perfectly impossible," cried a third. "Such speed is gross exaggeration," declared another. In surveying the track for the purpose, the surveyors often had to work in the night with dark lanterns, for fear of the farmers. Stephenson was at the head of the survey, and almost everywhere they were treated as rogues and vagabonds, pelted by stones, barked at by the dogs, chased with pitchforks, mobbed and hooted at. His men were sometimes ready to give up. "What shall we do?" they asked. "*We must persevere,*" was always the calm and steady reply.

The road was built. The locomotive to run on it was built. It was called the Rocket. Mr. Stephenson put her on the line, and drove her at the rate of *thirty miles an hour.* This incredible speed burst upon the world as almost a miracle. The road was opened on the 15th of September, 1830; and Mr. Stephenson's triumph was complete. Honors were now showered upon him. The city of Liverpool gave him a statue. Kings and queens sat down to hear him talk. Knighthood was offered him, but it was refused. Some one wishing to dedicate a book to him, asked what the "ornamental initials" to his name were. "I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after," replied he; "merely say, 'George Stephenson.'"

His life teaches with remarkable power one great lesson—the power of perseverance. "Perseverance" was his word; he was never tired of using it. And at this time, when boys and young men are so anxious to make a short cut to fame, fortune, character, or position, let them know that there is no sure track to success and usefulness but steadiness of purpose, and faithful labor in the work which God has given them to do. H. C. K.

For The Child's Paper.

"OFFENDING."

Miss Agnes took charge of Mrs. Jones' family while she went to New York. Lucy Jones was about ten. She had a cousin from the country visiting her, who came to pass the winter and go to school. Her cousin's name was Mary. Mary brought all her good home habits with her; she was very orderly and studious and obliging, and she was a child who loved to pray.

But Mary was timid, and she was often afraid of Lucy. Afraid of Lucy? Why? Because Lucy teased her so. Lucy was an idle, disobedient child herself, and she seemed determined to make Mary so. She would laugh at Mary for studying, calling her "little school-ma'am;" and she often tried to hinder her praying. Mary did not like to be laughed at, as no one does. Sometimes she would go away by herself and cry, and wish she was at home with her dear, dear mother; sometimes she would give up to Lucy.

"Lucy," said Miss Agnes one day when they were alone together, "I am afraid you offend your cousin Mary." "No, Miss Agnes," said Lucy, "she's dreadful good-natured; she never gets angry." "You don't know what I mean," said Miss Agnes. "I mean the Bible use of offending." "What is the Bible use of offend?" asked Lucy. "I thought 'offend' was to get angry and have the sulks." "Will you try and find a verse which has offend in it?" asked Miss Agnes. Lucy's curiosity was excited; and while Miss Agnes went to superintend something in the kitchen, she took her

Testament and a Concordance and began to hunt. Do you know what a Concordance is? It is a dictionary of Bible words. She looked for "offend." She found a number of directions to the Old Testament; but as Miss Agnes gave her the New, she at last picked out Matthew, eighteenth chapter and sixth verse, and turning to her Testament, found it was this verse: "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea." Lucy read it over and over. Then she read before to see who said it. It was the Lord Jesus. "It must be something very wicked to deserve being killed in this way," said Lucy, and she read it again.

At last Miss Agnes came back. "Miss Agnes," asked Lucy very seriously, "what does offend here mean?" "In this place," said she, "and in many other places in the New Testament, it means to *tempt* or *to lead others into sin;* so that by offending one of these little ones, our Lord does not mean vexing them, ill-using, or making them angry, but tempting or leading them into evil, or throwing hinderances in the way of their doing what they ought to; and this he calls so wicked, that it were better to die than to be guilty of it."

"And what does little ones here mean?" asked Lucy.

"Jesus had just before taken a little child, and told his disciples that unless they were converted, and became as little children, they could not enter into the kingdom of God; and then he says they must not tempt to evil one of these little ones who believe on him, and hinder them from doing right. It means therefore those who are young in years and susceptible of impression—it means those children or grown people who are desirous of doing their duty, but who are shy and timid, who having no great confidence in themselves, find it hard and almost impossible to stand against laughter and teasing. These are 'offended,' in the Bible sense, when they are laughed or frightened out of their Saviour's service."

"I am afraid I have offended cousin Mary," said Lucy in a low tone. "I never knew this before. Do I deserve to be drowned, Miss Agnes?" "The Lord Jesus plainly says it is very wicked," said Miss Agnes; "but he will forgive you, if you are truly sorry for it." "Oh, Miss Agnes, children often laugh at other children who are serious or try to do right; they only do it for fun."

"But what a wicked sort of fun it is," said Miss Agnes. "It is such fun as Satan wishes; but how displeased Jesus is with it." "Miss Agnes, I never knew so before," said Lucy, "I never knew so before."

Perhaps there are other children like Lucy. Let them study this verse. It lays bare a common fault; but its commonness makes it no less serious and displeasing to God. Beware then how you offend your companions. "It were better that a millstone were tied about your neck, and that you were drowned in the depth of the sea." Beware also how you suffer yourself to be "offended," lest you are laughed or frightened out of your eternal salvation.

For The Child's Paper.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

A few days ago I heard a little reader of The Child's Paper pray thus: "O Lord, we *continue* before thy face, for it is sweet to be in thy presence."

How many of the children who read this dear little paper pray thus? Is it sweet to you to linger in humble, hearty prayer in the presence of Jesus? Then he will love you, and by and by bring you into his more glorious presence in heaven. When he "makes up his jewels," he will set such little children as stars in his crown, and they shall be with him for ever.

Do you ask how I know this? Take your Bible and sit down here with me. Now turn to Malachi, third chapter and seventeenth verse: "And they shall be mine," etc. Do you see how I know it? And will it not then be sweet to be always in the presence of Christ—to be a "star," a "jewel" in the Saviour's crown? Who could ask for greater honor, or higher joy? Then pray thus unto him, dear children: "O Lord, we continue before thy face, for it is sweet to be in thy presence;" for "in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore." A Mother.

For The Child's Paper.

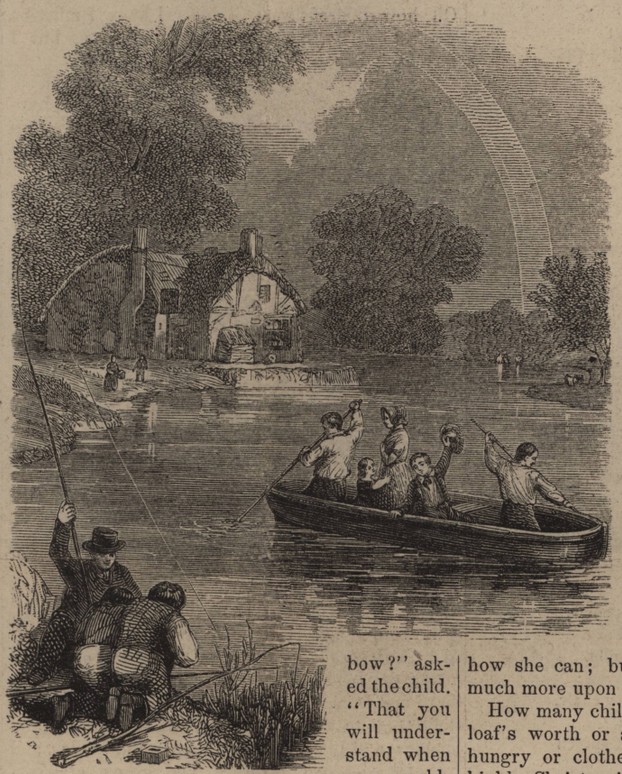
THE RAINBOW.

"Father, what makes the rainbow?" asked a little boy, quite in earnest.

"It is formed by the rain-drops and the sun. Every drop acts as a prism to separate the different colored rays which a white ray of the sun is made of; namely, violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red."

"What is a prism?" asked the boy. "A three-sided piece of glass. Hold it in the sun, and you will see all the colors of the rainbow."

"It is very funny; but why does it make a



bow?" asked the child. "That you will understand when you are older and study natural philosophy," said the father; "but the rainbow is interesting, because it puts us in mind of God's promises. After Noah had been saved through that terrible storm which drowned the world, no wonder if he and his family were much frightened every time they saw a dark cloud in the sky. God pitied the poor lonely family, and he promised Noah never to send another flood. Lest Noah should still be afraid, and feel it was no use to plough and sow the ground, he gave Noah something to look at, in order to *remind* him that God was as good as his word. 'I do set my bow in the cloud,' said God, 'and it shall be for a token of the covenant between me and the earth.' How thankful must Noah have been every time he saw the bow in the cloud."

"Yes," said the little boy, "I am sure, very. And does it show God will be kind to *us?*" asked he. "Yes, if, like Noah, we love and obey God. God has made a promise to all who, like Noah, trust him. This is it: 'With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer: for as I have sworn that the waters of Noah should no more go over the earth; so will I not be wroth with thee: for the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord.'"

"Who is '*thee?*'" asked the child. "It does not mean *me*, does it, father—me, my own self?" "Yes, *you*, little Will Bates, if you are one of the Lord's dear children, and love and obey your Father in heaven."

For The Child's Paper.

WINTER.

Winter, winter, winter! the rough old fellow has come. Do you not hear him blowing his blast? What does he say? "Take care. Look out for those who cannot look out for themselves." Yes, yes. The poor beasts can no longer cut their own fodder. They must have hay from the mow, and corn from the crib.

But this is taking care of our own. There are others to provide for—the poor. Winter puts us in mind to share our comforts with the comfortless. "The poor," Christ says, "you have always with you"—to keep our hearts full of fellow-feeling, I suppose.

How do you give to the poor? Do you give only when somebody happens to beg at your door; or do you spare something every week, and make it a *habit* to seek out and sympathize with them? The last is the true way. I know a little boy who earns an Indian loaf every Saturday to give away to a poor family. He goes to mill with the corn, and splits wood for the oven, and helps his mother. That is his way of earning the loaf, and his mother makes and bakes it for him. A loaf a week makes fifty-two loaves a year. That boy spreads a pretty good table to feed the hungry from, does he not? How sweet must be his enjoyment. Oh, I am sure it is.

And there is a dear, good old lady who, though her little living is eked out by charity, contrives to give a flannel petticoat a winter to some one poorer than herself. "I must give a flannel petticoat's worth," she says; and so, little by little, she saves enough to buy one. She begins with the new year to lay her littles by, and when December comes she has enough to buy one. People wonder how she can; but such sorts of "can" depend much more upon a full heart than a full purse.

How many children who read this are giving a loaf's worth or a petticoat's worth to feed the hungry or clothe the naked? You know how highly Christ prizes such things. "Inasmuch," he says, "as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *me*." Such service, done for his sake, meets with a gracious and blessed reward.

WHAT IS REPENTANCE?

He that repents truly is sorrowful for his past sins, not with a passing sigh or tear, but a pungent afflictive sorrow; such a sorrow as hates the sin so much, that the man would choose to die rather than act it more. This sorrow is called in Scripture a "weeping sorely," a "sorrow of heart," a "breaking of spirit," "mourning like a dove;" and we may read the degree and manner of it in the sad accents of the prophet Jeremy; the heart-breaking, the bitter weeping of St. Peter, after the shameful denying of his Master.

A boy away at school was allowed five dollars for spending money. What do you think he did with four hundred and eighty-one cents of it? Put it down his throat—ate it and drank it at saloons. It was gone, and there was nothing to show for it. He might have bought four beautiful volumes, and laid the foundation of a library. He might have spent it in Bibles, and put a Bible into sixteen destitute families. He might have saved it to take a little journey in vacation—visited Plymouth rock, or Bunker Hill monument. He might—O how many things he might have done with his money, which would have paid a hundred per cent. better than putting it into his stomach.

May you never be ashamed of the gospel, or a shame to it.

For The Child's Paper.

THE OLD YEAR.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Slowly dropping away;
Like the silent sands of the hour-glass,
Drops the old year day by day.

Dropping, dropping, dropping;
No sound of spoken word;
But every day had a tale to tell,
Which only God has heard.

Dropping, dropping, dropping,
Swiftly dropping away;
So go the years of the earthly life
On their appointed way.

Dropping, dropping, dropping:
Oh, joy to see them go,
If they tell a tale in the Father's ear
Of a holy life below. S. N. S.

THE LITTLE BOY THAT DIED.

I am all alone in my chamber now,
And the midnight hour is near,
And the faggot's crack and the clock's dull tick
Are the only sounds I hear;
And o'er my soul in its solitude
Sweet feelings of sadness glide,
For my heart and my eyes are full when I think
Of the little boy that died.

I went one night to my father's house—
Went home to the dear ones all,
And softly I opened the garden gate,
And softly the door of the hall.
My mother came out to meet her son;
She kissed me, and then she sighed,
And her head fell on my neck, and she wept
For the little boy that died.

I shall miss him when the flowers come,
In the garden where he played;
I shall miss him more by the fireside,
When the flowers have all decayed:
I shall miss his toys and his empty chair,
And the horse he used to ride;
And they will speak with a silent speech
Of the little boy that died.

We shall all go home to our Father's house—
To our Father's home in the skies,
Where the hope of our souls shall know no blight,
Our love no broken ties:
We shall roam on the shores of the river of peace,
And bathe in its blissful tide,
And one of the joys of our heaven shall be
The little boy that died. W. H. J.

For The Child's Paper.

A POLITE BOY.

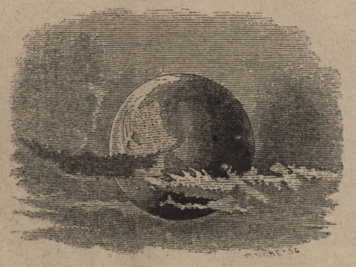
The other day we were riding in crowded cars. At one of the stations an old gentleman entered, and was looking around him for a seat, when a lad ten or twelve years of age rose up, and said, "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy. "Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy," was the quick reply. The passengers were very much pleased and gratified. For my part, I wanted to seize hold of the little fellow and press him to my bosom. It was a respect for age which is always praiseworthy.

When a boy or girl does not reverence the aged, it is a sure sign that they are evil in more respects than one. We once saw a lad run after a lame old man in the street, and hoot at him; but he was known as one of the worst lads in the village. He would swear, disobey his parents, rob orchards, and do other things equally bad. We feel quite sure that the polite boy in the cars never uses wicked or vulgar words. His parents probably can trust him.

One thing more. Doubtless every passenger in the cars felt that the little gentleman, for such he was, who gave the old man his seat, was well instructed at home. They thought of his mother perhaps, and concluded that she must be good and watchful. Some of them might have envied her the possession of such a son. T.

A converted Hindoo came one morning to the missionary bringing his brass idols, and throwing them on the ground, said, "Enough of these; I have done with them, and wish to have no more to do with them. I have read much and learned much in my heathen books, but I have found no rest. In Christ alone is rest." He also took from his neck a silver chain bearing the name of his god, and casting it on the ground, said, "Enough. Nothing but sin has cleaved to me all the while I have kept this close to me. Please, sir, take it. I know of something better—the love of Jesus. Oh, how different from all this. I know I must be persecuted by my friends and relatives, but I don't mind that."

"I forget a great many things which have happened in the year," said a little girl, the tears running down her cheeks, "but I can't forget the angry words I spoke to my dear dead mother."



For The Child's Paper.

Here is the world we live in. It is round like a ball. God made the world. He made the light. He said, "Let there be light; and there was light." He made the air. You cannot see the air, but you can hear it blow, and feel it. The wind is air. God made water next. He put it in a deep place, which is called the sea. He made dry land for us to live and walk on; it is hard and firm. The sea is always tossing. God told trees to grow in the ground—oak-trees, and maples, and plum-trees of all sorts and kinds; and vegetables—corn, potatoes, and beans, and carrots; and beautiful flowers—violets and buttercups and sweet clover.

He put the sun in the sky to shine all day, and the moon and the stars at night. He made living creatures. He spoke, and the sea was full of fishes, swimming about everywhere; some very large, like the great whale, and some very little, like the minnows; some with coats on, like lobsters; some snugly hid away in little cribs, like clams. God made living creatures, with voices. Fishes cannot sing or talk. Birds can sing. Soon the trees were alive with robins, sparrows and finches and canaries. There were the swift eagle, the tall ostrich, and the gentle dove. God sprinkled the earth with insects. Bees buzzed amid the flowers, crickets chirped in the grass, and butterflies chased each other over the fields. God made fishes, birds, and insects. He made beasts—cows and sheep and lions and pigs and squirrels.

Have any of these living creatures souls? No. There was nobody yet in the world to praise God and talk of all his wonderful works. Then God took dust from the ground, and made the body of a man, and he breathed on it, and gave it a soul. He called the man Adam. And he made a woman, and called her name Eve; and they lived in a beautiful garden, full of fruits and flowers. The world was new and good and beautiful and happy then. God was six days finishing his work. He rested on the seventh day, and called it the Sabbath, which means "rest." The angels sung a song of praise to God for making this beautiful world.

Did it *stay* so? Ah, we will see.

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